Just a Guy Thing

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Sebastian Hastings/Duke Orsino

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Viola Hastings

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Just a Guy Thing

by orphan_account

Summary

Duke is going to kill Sebastian with his own guitar.

Duke rolls his eyes. Sebastian is grade A music boy. Fucking annoying already. Like calculus isn't hard enough

"Dude. With the guitar strumming."

"Okay, I ask this because I am genuinely curious- do you ever complete a sentence? Ever. Because we have now roomed together for five months, and I'm pretty sure I hear you only speak in fragments."

Duke snorts and waves a hand at him: whatever.

Sebastian strums louder.

Sebastian has really...very nice hands. Not that Duke notices. But if he did notice, he would have thought they were. You know. Okay.

Viola had had hands like that. Well. Still does. Wasn't like her hands got cut off, he just...doesn't have them touching him.

Which sucks, because now music-boy has Olivia, and he doesn't have Viola, and seriously. Does nobody pay attention to chick flicks? The hot dude who's surprisingly sensitive gets the girl.

That was how it works.

He isn't upset about not having Viola. It wasn't- you know. They were teammates. They're better as friends. With things not being so...you know, with the cross dressing and the confusion- she's cool.

They get pizza still.

Do homework.

She's like one of the guys.

He wishes they were still rooming. Because seriously - "'Strangle you with the guitar string," he grits out, turning in his desk chair to glare at Sebastian, who pauses, eyes widening slightly and lower lip caught between his teeth.

Which was totally not cute.

"What? Dude. I don't, you know, yell when you play with your balls."

Duke gapes at him and goes red, because *dude*! He does not jerk off in their room. He does it in the showers. Okay, usually. But Sebastian is

never in the room when he-

Okay, maybe that one-

Two-

Fine, okay? Fine. But he's 17, almost 18. He's subtle.

"Oh my God, not how I meant that!" Sebastian shouts, ears going even redder than his cheeks. "I mean soccer balls! Which should be singular! So your soccer ball. Not-" he gestures at Duke's crotch and then went even *redder*, fingers curling around the guitar as he slumped down.

"Okay, first? I don't do that in here-"

"With the spinning on your finger? You do, you totally do," Sebastian protests, and yeah, okay, point.

"That's not annoying!" he argues. "It's not loud. It doesn't *distract* people!"

"Yeah, no, the way your face pulls in when you're concentrating and your eyes actually *darken* and your mouth goes content and softens and-"

Duke has a feeling this conversation just went in a totally new direction.

"What?" he asks.

"What?" Sebastian replies, completely unabashed. "You're distracting."

And yeah, okay, so Duke doesn't have a lot of experience. Actually, most of his experience is Viola, which- yeah, don't think about Viola right now...

But that was a come-on.

Duke stands up and crosses his arms over his chest. Waits to see what Sebastian does. He puts the guitar to the side and lets his legs fall apart and...

Duke's pretty sure he's straight, but he's also a teenager and Sebastian is right there and...

Sebastian has wide shoulders, he's all pointed angles and yeah- okay,

he's strong, but Duke's stronger and has that all important standing up advantage and he pushes Sebastian back, hearing the guitar fall to the ground with a weird twang and, yeah, hopefully that wasn't bad. Sebastian has his hands on both sides of Duke's face, and he's licking his way into Duke's mouth and Duke opens up because, yeah, okay, *kissing* in that hot dirty way that pretty much guarantees he's at least going to get off.

"With those stupid shirts- you're like John McClane," Sebastian pants before his hands slide down, leaving Duke's face too-warm and then he's working on rucking up Duke's wifebeater and-

"Wait, Die Hard?" Duke manages, incredulous.

"Don't judge me, Bruce Willis is hot," Sebastian murmurs against his neck. Duke has his hand down the back of Sebastian's pants and he squeezes his ass as he grinds his hard on down against Sebastian's cock and yeah- okay, good- friction good.

"Yeah, okay, yeah, good-" Sebastian pants, "but better naked. So much better naked. Worlds of bett-"

And Duke has to shut him up with his mouth because Jesus Christ the guy will not stop talking.

Sebastian does manage to undo their flies, and then it's just a wiggle (not a shimmy. Chicks shimmy. Dudes wriggle.) of his hips which- *Christ* so good.

"Wait, up," Sebastian manages. "I can't-"

Duke lifts up and glances down- "Jesus, boxer briefs?" he demands.

"Fuck you," Sebastian snorts, and shoves at his shoulders. Duke falls back onto his own bed, and watches as Sebastian lifts his hips and pulls them down off his skinny hips and down his legs and-

Jesus fucking Christ.

Yes *please*.

"Want to- can I?" Sebastian asks, and before Duke can even figure out what he's asking there's a mouth on his dick, all warm and wet and fuck yes, suction. His head falls back as he opens his mouth to suck in more air, squeezing his eyes shut because if he watches Sebastian's mouth on his cock he's going to come right now and that would just

be totally embarrassing. As it is, he has to strain to keep from bucking up into that mouth, and then Sebastian's hand curls around the base and his tongue is just- everywhere, wicked and so, so, so good and Duke groans as quietly as he can manage and then, just as the heat from his dick hits his neck,

"Off, off, dude- I'm gonna-"

And Sebastian *does not get off* and Duke looks down just as he comes, stomach tightening and hips snapping uncontrollably and fucking Sebastian Hastings just *takes it* and *swallows* and Duke comes so hard his vision whites out.

He flops back on his bed, breathing hard like after one of Coach's worst work outs and Sebastian wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and Jesus, he's still hard, cock leaking and Duke should-

Reciprocate or something but he's pretty sure he can't move and then Sebastian's kissing him and Duke tastes- Jesus, tastes *himself* in Sebastian's mouth and that's just...mindblowing.

Sebastian's grinding down, humping Duke's thigh and Duke reaches down because hey, he can manage a handjob and as soon as his hand touches Sebastian's dick it twitches and Sebastian bites his lower lip before letting his head fall down on Duke's shoulder, panting against his neck.

"C'mon, man," Duke encourages, hand slicking up and down Sebastian's cock, thumbing the top and twisting the way he likes, figuring, hey, Sebastian's a dude, he might like it too.

Apparently he does because he pants, "Shit, shit, shit, fuck, yes, please, God, please, please, Duke, yes"- and yeah, okay, still won't shut up but now it's really hot and then he's coming, striping both their chests as he twitches helplessly and Duke wraps his other arm around Sebastian's back.

"Got you, c'mon, I gotcha," he mutters, not even knowing what he's saying.

"Fuck," Sebastian pants, sprawled over the top of Duke. Duke's not gonna complain. Not like he weighs a lot.

After a bit they get up and wipe up with Kleenex, not really looking at each other. Okay, maybe Sebastian's looking, but Duke doesn't know because he's not.

Looking, that is.

"So. You…and Olivia," he says after a bit because he has to know what the fuck this is, really.

"College guy. Bartender," Sebastian says, and he's not too torn up about it. "She's got a type, you know?"

"Older," Duke agrees.

"Plus, she didn't like the whole-" Sebastian breaks off and Duke looks up in time to catch a complicated hand gesture that seems to indicate him.

"The cocksucking?" he asks, and yeah, okay, there go his chances of ever having a repeat.

Sebastian laughs, though, so okay, he might still be in there. "Yeah. I had a wild time in London."

"You were there for two weeks."

"I'm kind of a slut," Sebastian retorts. He does not sound at all bothered. Duke's dick shows some interest. "And you're kind of a tease."

"I'm not!" Duke objects.

"Dude. You lounge around in *wifebeaters*," Sebastian replies. "You suck on your pens when you think. I have only held off out of respect for Viola."

"I kissed you," Duke reminds him. He feels somehow this is important.

"You should do it again," Sebastian replies, voice going warm and yeah, okay.

Duke kisses him again.

"Did we lock the door?" Sebastian asks later.

"Um, no," Duke replies after a minute's pause.

"What if Walter had come in?" Sebastian demands. "Oh my God."

"They can't expel us for-"

"No, but he'd *tell* and then your freak-ass headmaster would want to talk to us bout our sexual awakening."

"Never say those words again," Duke says. "Seriously."

Sebastian laughs.

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Duke still wants to kill Sebastian with his guitar string. Sebastian starts calling him "McClane" ("Because seriously, how pretentious *is* your name?" "Shut up"), and Duke starts dragging him to classes by the scruff of his shirt, because his...whatever, boyfriend isn't getting expelled because he can't pull himself out of his own head to go to class.

Duke goes to a few of Sebastian's gigs and is horrified when he actually likes the music when Sebastian's up on a stage and not distracting him from calculus or European history.

Right before Spring Break Sebastian fucks him, and somehow Duke agrees to go to London with him for the week, and there's a lot more fucking, as well as a few apologetic phone calls that out him to his parents.

Whatever.

Duke goes to a few parks and gets involved in a soccer ("Football, mate. Bloody Americans") games, which is cool, and then he gets an offer, and...well. That's just- amazing.

They go back to Illeria and Viola tracks them down at the pizza place.

"Okay, seriously?" she demands, hands on hips. "Again? Dude! Mom and Dad are making out! It is disgusting! And Justin- you remember Justin, right?- started calling and is that a hickey?"

They both slap hands to their necks, and then Duke blushes and looks down at his plate while Sebastian says,

"What? No!"

Viola stares at them both and Duke sneaks a glance at her. "What? What? With- wait, *what*?" She has that wide-eyed look on, the one she wears when she's totally baffled and might just go Tyra Banks on his ass.

Goddamn America's Next Top Model being on in all the Commons areas.

"He's hot," Sebastian dismisses, and Duke tries to bite down on the grin. "It's a guy thing," Sebastian continues.

Viola huffs and smacks him. "Dude. You are so not good enough for him. And *you!* Why do you not tell me these things? We are friends. Friends tell each other."

"Don't call me dude!" Sebastian counters, saving Duke from having to reply. "You are a girl. Girls don't say 'dude'."

"You're so *sexist*," Viola retorts, and yeah, they're gearing up for some serious bickering here.

Duke steals some of Sebastian's fries. It's gonna be a while. Maybe he'll need his strength later.

Sebastian's foot hits his, and Duke grins as he sucks his Coke through the straw. Oh yeah.

Definitely need to save strength for later.

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